

Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 050 483 183







REMINISCENCES  
OF  
SAMUEL HEBER DANA,

FOURTEEN YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

"The blessing of his quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts where his footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.  
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Was in his very look ;  
We read his face as one who reads  
A true and holy book."

BOSTON :  
PRINTED BY TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M.DCCC.LVI.

OLIN  
CT  
275  
D17  
R.38



RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE :

Printed by H. O. HOUGHTON & Co.



# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
PRELIMINARY .....	1
INFANCY .....	4
EARLY CHILDHOOD .....	13
FIRST SCHOOL .....	19
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.....	26
THE SON AND BROTHER .....	32
THE LATIN SCHOOL.....	45
MUSIC .....	50
LATIN SCHOOL—SECOND YEAR.....	56
LATIN SCHOOL—THIRD YEAR .....	60
THE CLOSE.....	65
TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS .....	71
COMPOSITIONS .....	81
A good Character.....	82
Courtesy .....	83
On the Existence of God.....	85
On the Government of Temper.....	87
“Do Savage Nations possess the Right of the Soil?” .....	90
A Taste for simple Pleasures.....	93
Modern Discoveries .....	96
Morning .....	98
EXTRACTS.....	101



“*The Memory of the Just is blessed.*”

WHEN a bright spirit has sojourned here for a season, and then suddenly takes wing, and is no more seen among us, we cannot but gaze after it, and wonder from whence it came and whither it goeth. And perhaps we question the mission of the visitor more anxiously and inquisitively, in proportion to the shortness of the stay. Like a dream, we ask for its interpretation; or like a vision, we seek for its revelation. All is doubt, darkness, and uncertainty. Magician and astrologer fail to satisfy us, till, illumined by that knowledge which cometh from above, we are led to understand that every good gift is from Heaven, and designed for our benefit; and although our eyes were holden,

that we did not understand its true character, while we possessed it, yet, now that it is taken from us, we more clearly discern its value, and more devoutly thank the Giver for the privilege of enjoying it, even for a season.

The history of each individual, if it could be faithfully recorded, might prove of infinite value, to those who, making the same passage, should wisely choose to avail themselves of the charts of their predecessors. God has made no being in vain. The most lowly can lend his aid in the universal anthem of praise and thanksgiving, and even children can cry "Hosanna to the Son of David."

"The unity of the race," and "the brotherhood of man," can only be practically established by an acquaintance with each other, and the more this knowledge is extended, the more we shall feel our family relationship, as the children of one Father. In our adversity, more than in

our prosperity, we realize our common origin, our common destiny, and our common faith in Him who ruleth in the heavens. Our religion teaches us to "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice." But a community of feeling must be established before this Christian intercourse can be carried into effect.

The life and death of a beloved child is the cause of *our* joy and of *our* sorrow; and that his numerous relatives and friends, and especially those sisters to whom his loss is irreparable, may not forget his blooming infancy, his gladsome childhood, and his lovely early youth, we shall give a short history of his life. Even "a child is known by his doings;" and when these have been good and right, it is a pleasure to set them in order, and to keep them in remembrance.

## INFANCY.

“Knowing things by their blooms,  
Not their roots!—yea! sun and sky,  
Only by the warmth that comes  
Out of each! earth, only by  
The pleasant hues that o’er it run!—

“All which broken sentiency  
Will gather and unite, and climb  
To an immortality.”

SAMUEL HEBER DANA was born in Boston, on the 20th of November, 1841. His very name was appropriate to him, foreshadowing, as it were, the disposition of his life; for, like Samuel of old, his spirit was, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;” and, like the gifted Heber, he had devoted himself to the noble task of carrying the Gospel to distant lands. Harmo-

nious influences seem to have clustered about his cradle, all tending to the happy development of this rare human blossom.

One would imagine that a helpless infant would ever elicit the warmest sympathies; but, alas! in this sin-disordered world of ours, but a small proportion of these buds of promise are hailed with pleasure. To the poor they are often a burden, to the wicked an annoyance, and to the rich too often an incumbrance; but to the pure in heart, the advent of a child into a family is regarded as the most precious of gifts; no care of the helpless little stranger can be too watchful, and no attention too circumspect.

Two grandmothers, two grandfathers, a score of uncles and aunts, and a band of blooming cousins, were ready to welcome the young visitor. Being "no respecter of persons," he let fall upon all the light of his sweet countenance, till in fulness of time he gave evidence of his

affectionate nature, by responding to the warm individual love that was lavished upon him.

Preëminently distinguished in his catalogue of friends, was his young and warm-hearted nurse, H . . . . . She made her duty her pleasure. To keep the infant happy was no task for her. She carried sunshine in her face and music in her laugh, and consequently in her arms, to use her own expression, "the best baby in the world." As each day developed some new gift or grace, what wonder that the "laughing, dimpled treasure" became the delight of the household!

Being born late in the autumn, Heber's first winter was spent amid the comforts of a city home; but on the approach of summer, he was sent with his nurse to a beautiful village in New Hampshire; for children are so akin to birds and flowers, that not to put them into communication



with them, is to disregard the wise teachings of nature, and to rob them of their natural inheritance. We fully sympathize with the great poet, who thus addresses his sleeping infant,

“ But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,  
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
And mountain crags ; so shalt thou see and hear  
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
Of that eternal language, which thy God  
Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
Himself in all, and all things in himself.  
Great universal Teacher ! He shall mould  
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.”

The migration was salutary, and the succeeding autumn and winter were passed in rosy health under the paternal roof.

The anniversary of his birth was observed with a due regard to the importance of the event. He received the congratulations and presents of a few friends something after the Oriental fashion ; being seated on the floor in the middle of

the room, and smiling his acknowledgments in the most dignified manner.

He was now old enough to enjoy the companionship of his elder sister, who, being but a little more than a year in advance of him, could, without loss of dignity, engage in the same amusements. The nursery now became a scene of busy life. Horses must be fed, wagons loaded, and dolls disciplined. H . . . . . was now and then called upon to settle certain disputed points of infantile etiquette, but as a general thing the course of play ran smooth.

In strong contrast to this busy day life, was the night scene, when by the subdued light and waning fire we softly crept in to *look* our last good-night. There he lay, so beautiful in his calm slumbers, that

“ A band of angels might think that he  
Was one of their bright company,  
And, on some homeward errand driven,  
Hurry him, too, away to heaven.”

And not till a little stray shoe or misplaced plaything reminded us of his connection with earth, were we quite willing to leave him in the mysterious land of sleep, which seems so far removed from waking life.

“ ’Tis aye a solemn thing to me  
To look upon a babe that sleeps—  
Wearing in its spirit deeps  
The unveiled mystery  
Of its Adam’s taint and woe,  
Which, when they revealed be,  
Will not let it slumber so ! ”

Heber’s second summer was spent among the green fields of A . . . . . , and we find this record of him in the family annals. “ Sept. 19, 1843, Heber is twenty months old. His complexion is very fair, and wears the roseate hue of health. His soft flaxen hair hangs in long locks about his high and expansive forehead. His eyes are of the clearest blue, and when he gazes earnestly at you, you long to penetrate the infant mind that sends forth such en-

trancing glances. His nose and mouth are faultless; and the whole forms such a sweet rosebud face, that the conviction is forced upon you, that

‘ Heaven lies about us in our infancy.’

Then the round white arms, tiny form, and little trudging feet, chain the eye of the beholder. Such is a faithful portrait of the boy as he is now. What changes time, and sorrow, and error may work out we know not, but trust he will be among the pure in heart who cannot fail of blessedness.”

This was a happy summer for the little boy. He could make the tour of the garden unaided by mamma or nurse, and amuse himself with “the little red balls,” (currants,) whose form and color seemed especially to please him. Certain white pigeons he learned to regard, after a little tremulous experience, as quite harmless visitors. Day by day he was making ac-

quaintance with nature ; watching with eager interest for the nightly appearance of Jupiter, and wondering at the fair face of the moon, that told him when it was time to go to bed.

His third winter might be called his play winter. Every day was a holiday, with ever extending plans of amusement. The brother and sister revelled in the world of their imagination. Their favorite horse was indeed a Pegasus, transporting them at will to the uttermost parts of the earth, and their large doll the submissive counterpart of all the good and evil with which they were acquainted. In short, they inspired with their own exuberant life every object about them. Truly has it been said that "childhood is one long drama, full of marvellous incident. It matters little whether its stage be a Spitalfields court or a ducal nursery. The machinery, the scenery, and decorations in both, are created by the glamour of that

glorious imagination, as yet undimmed by life, and unchastened by experience, which can find Pactolus in a street gutter, and make of the dampest cellar a very palace of delight."

## EARLY CHILDHOOD.

“Heber! thoughtful little Heber!  
With thy words so strangely wise,  
And thy features ever playing,  
And thy soul-light changeful raying,  
From thy clear childlike eyes.”

HEBER'S introduction to books may be considered an era in his life. The most attractive little volumes, whose very covers were charming to behold, were now occasionally opened, to fill those pauses of activity, which must occur as children begin to think, or rather become conscious of thinking. He had already a large acquaintance in picture land, through which he had been led by the hand of a father who was never weary in explaining the picture and accompanying it with a story,

whose varied version being adapted to the mental wants of the little listener, never failed to charm him. A second step in his progress was being *read to*, a process by which the mind of a child can be most pleasantly employed, without any of the bad effects of a premature effort of his own faculties.

Simple rhymes were his delight. After hearing a ditty a few times, he was very fond of having it repeated, all but the last word, which he supplied. Lines where the alliteration was striking particularly pleased him, and his infantile comment on a little poem of this style was, "that is what *I* call *pointry*."

This was indeed a golden age for Heber; plucking, without labor or sorrow, the blossoms of learning that were freely scattered in his path.

But months glided on, and the luxury of hearing reading must alternate with the toil of learning to read; and this,



in his case was no easy task, as mere *things*, disjoined from *thoughts*, seemed to make no impression on his mind. The alphabet was easily mastered, being taught him on little blocks of bright and varied colors; but the combination of letters into words, was a most difficult attainment. He remembered sentence after sentence as a whole, but quite failed to separate it into parts. Spelling also was a most tedious acquisition, and the most strenuous efforts of after years failed to perfect him in it. He used often to compare himself to the great Marshal Saxe, who had the reputation of being "the worst speller of his century."

But "learning to read" was in the fullness of time accomplished, and on how many occasions in after years as he laid down the entertaining volume, would he refer to those nursery days, when he was encouraged to persevere in his task by promises of future reward, and remark

upon the entire fulfilment of these promises. Books were to him wells of delight, from which he drank with an eagerness that might have been dangerous to a less reasonable child; but he could control his pleasures. Duty first, and pleasure afterwards, was not merely on his lips, but, even at a very tender age, a ruling principle of conduct.

Among the books of this period, whose influence seemed most abiding, were Jane Taylor's *Poems for Children*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the study of whose pictures were for a long time a favorite amusement, and a series of *Bible Stories* by an unknown author. These last books being appropriate Sunday reading, were rather kept in reserve for this use, and this was, perhaps, one of the reasons why Sunday was no bugbear in his calendar, but, on the contrary, a white day. Its uninterrupted hours of reading aloud, and its ample opportunities for converse with his

father, was more than a compensation for the loss of ordinary week-day amusements.

Among Bible stories, that of Daniel most deeply interested him. The splendors of that eastern court, and the power and might of Nebuchadnezzar, would naturally excite a childish imagination, but it was preëminently the character and conduct of Daniel that most deeply interested his mind. The refusal of Daniel to eat of the king's meat and to drink of the king's wine, put the great prophet, if we may so speak, into communication with the little child who was in the daily practice of ruling his appetite. Being extremely fond of several articles of food deemed injurious to children, his control of appetite cost him much self-denial. In proportion as he denied himself, he was generous to others. It was his fashion to reserve portions of any dainty for every member of the household. He would willingly have adopted abstinence in the use

of any of these articles of food, but he was taught that temperance was morally better than abstinence, being a higher kind of self-discipline. To use and not abuse the good gifts of Providence is a great lesson to learn at any period of life.

## FIRST SCHOOL.

“ In fair array they stand,  
These years of the bright past ;  
On this, on that I lay my hand,  
Marshalled in memory's quiet land,  
Forevermore to last.”


AT four years of age, Heber may be said to have taken a step forwards in his heretofore strictly private education, and, like the young bird, for the first time plumed his wing on the edge of the nest, for a short flight from his sheltered home. A little school was established for the benefit of himself and sister, and confided for a few months to the charge of an aunt of Heber's, whose youth and enthusiasm well fitted her for the undertaking. Half a dozen little boys and girls, whose ages dif-

ferred only in months, composed this little community, called by way of courtesy, *school*, although conducted on strictly home principles—rules and routine being subordinate to health and happiness. The school-room was a school-room only in name, being a large and pleasant apartment, corresponding to a well-ordered nursery. The hours were so regulated as to give ample time for a morning walk, after which the repose of school was salutary as well as agreeable. The aim of the teacher was to make the children good and happy rather than great and learned; to regulate their intercourse with each other, and to teach them in various ways the benefit of dwelling together in unity. They marched together, sung together, recited poetry together, and thus learned something of the beauty of law and order, not by dull precepts, but by pleasant exercises. In short, they may be said to have given their attention chiefly to music

and poetry, which seem to be the natural aliment of the sensitive and imaginative souls of children.


Most keenly did Heber relish this system of training. His tastes were in harmony with all pure and elevated sentiments, and his recitations of poetry full of the spirit that gave them birth. It was very amusing to hear the little boy make household words of the names and thoughts of Shakspeare, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. This early acquaintance with some of our best modern poets laid the foundation of a taste for poetry which was a life-long source of purest pleasure.

His natural love of music and drawing made their cultivation easy and pleasant; not as yet that any regular course of instruction was pursued, but, by daily practice, the language of music was becoming familiar to him, and skill with the pencil ensured him hours of pleasant occupation that might otherwise have been spent in



listless apathy, if not in actual wrong doing, and in after years served as the innocent outlet to that fund of merriment that seems bound up in the heart of every bright school-boy, leading him to ornament his text-books with devices significant of the fun and frolic of youth, and of the incongruity between his own untutored imagination and the stern prosaic rules of school-life.

Meantime, full scope was given to his bodily and mental activity by a summer residence in the country. Books were less resorted to, but their places were more than supplied by the silent teachings of Nature. Like all children, he was fond of watching animal life, but his chief delight was in birds. Sporting, as an amusement, was exceedingly distasteful to him. Never shall we forget his indignation upon the occasion of a young man's showing him half a dozen harmless birds, the fruit of a morning's gunning; it drew out all





the eloquence of which he was master, and made him, in spirit, the protector of every bird he saw. His love and admiration of them called forth the only two finished poems now to be found, and we transcribe them, not on account of their poetical merit, but being entirely spontaneous, and wholly unaided in their composition, they give a faithful transcript of the character of his mind, and show the fine sympathies of his nature. His rhyming propensities were never encouraged; so that whatever he wrote was from no stimulus from without. We anticipate two or three years in giving them a place here.

## TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Oh! lovely creature, on whose wing  
Are painted colors bright,  
Blue, red, and green, in silver sheen,  
Are glistening in the light.

Thy bed is in the flowers,  
Thy food is honey bright,  
Thou sportest in the light breeze  
Through all the summer bright.



like all children's, must be doing something, and only needed direction to their activity. A quiet as well as attentive listener was soon secured. Before he was eight years old he had completed several articles of utility, and even of beauty, the work of hours when more active amusement would have been out of season, and when companionship with his sister made the employment a pleasant pastime. The same use was made of drawing; devoting to it those hours when the assembled family enjoyed the presence of the children, if they could be "seen and not heard."

And what a picture of living beauty he was, as evening after evening, always intent upon progress in some direction, he demanded a story, or studied a picture, or listened, with occasional interrogations, to the conversation of his seniors!

"Every one who saw him was thankful for the sight  
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight."

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

“ So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,  
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer.”

IN the autumn of 1849, Heber entered the Mayhew Grammar School. It was after much hesitation that his parents decided upon a course of public instruction for him; but his modest and sensitive disposition, and his position as a tenderly nurtured “only son,” seemed to demand a course of training tending to the development of the sterner virtues.

A public school seems to be the only arena where a boy can fairly rehearse “the battle of life.” Good and evil are plainly set before him, and the power of

choice tests his character. If he has a happy home to which to retire from the strife and burnish his armor for the conflict, he makes rapid progress in that wisdom which can be gained only by experience.

Heretofore, Heber's life had been a romance — it was now a reality, and in many of its aspects most distasteful to him. Over and over again during his first year at school, did he collect his books, return home, and declare he could never go back again. He was disgusted with the lack of refined sentiments and manners among many of the boys, and with the iron rules, often so unjust to the individual, but by which all large communities must be governed. But in time he learned to adapt himself to a system which, with its inevitable disadvantages, proved of great advantage to him. He came in contact with all classes of boys, and learned to estimate them by their intrinsic value. Many of

his classmates, although poor and obscure, were his peers in abilities, and as such, shared his respect and sympathy; and, above all, he saw a road open to distinction for all who chose to enter the lists,—a true exposition of American equality.

The rudiments of learning, as generally taught, are sufficiently dry and tedious, but seem to be most thoroughly and easily acquired by the stimulus which numbers give, and by the iteration and reiteration of first principles. If the child has the mental power to apply the rules thus rooted and grounded, he gains an amount of practical knowledge of inestimable value. Heber's intellectual abilities enabled him to pass easily and rapidly through the prescribed course of study. January 7, 1850, he makes this record in his journal: "I have enjoyed my school very much to-day; not having missed in *one* particular." His weekly reports testify to weeks and months

of "perfect lessons," and "good behavior." In November, 1851, we find this record of him: "Noticed within a few days, and for the first time, a spirit of ambition in Heber. He feels his power and delights to exercise it." November 20, 1851. "Heber accomplishes to-day his first decade. He promises to be all that parents could desire. Heart in the right place, morals irreproachable, and an intellect active and vigorous." December 6. "Visited Heber's school. The singing, the declamation, the drawing, would hardly be equalled in a private school by boys of the same age. 'An open field and fair play,' is the motto here. Heber's fair face, as contrasted with many of his rough associates, reminds me of a lamb among wolves; may he retain 'the young lamb's heart mid the full-grown flocks.'"

The summer months of this year (1851) were spent on the breezy summits of Newton Hills, where, perhaps, Heber was

never more serenely happy. "The splendor of the grass, and the glory of the flower," were an ever-present source of delight, and the quiet hours of mid-day reading, only a pleasant interlude to these long holidays. Sears's *Life of Luther*, and Marshall's *Washington*, were the staple reading of the season, interspersed with appropriate juvenile literature.

A journey to the White Mountains concluded the summer's vacation. The effect of this journey was not exactly what had been anticipated. It had been supposed that Heber's love of the beautiful would have made this tour an idyllic portion of his life, whereas the minor attractions of trout-fishing, (the only sport to which he may be said to have been addicted,) and partridge-hunting, seemed to leave no time for more noble contemplations. It would seem that a child's faculties at this age were unequal to the contemplation of nature on a broad scale, the same want of



interest in natural scenery having been observed in intelligent children in traveling through the grandest scenery in Switzerland. .

## THE SON AND BROTHER.

“Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.”

HEBER'S clear sense of rectitude was, doubtless, a boon from heaven; but it was, nevertheless, by a voluntary progress in the path of duty, that he so far excelled many of his fellows in the way of truth and righteousness. Full of warm and glowing life, full of affection, full of sensibility, yet able to bring them all in subjection to his own reason, and to the will of his parents, he was a model of filial obedience. The very tones of his “yes, sir,” in assent to his father's wishes, showed the character of his obedience; cheerful, prompt,

springing from a heart full of love and confidence in his parent. It was that acquiescence of the spirit, so far superior to a mere submission to the letter of the command.

As an only son and brother, large demands were made upon his love and sympathy, and well he satisfied these claims.

When he was five and a half years old his eldest sister met with an accident which nearly cost her the loss of a finger. The cries of the sufferer only kept Heber more closely at her side; and while the doctor was dressing the wound, he was offering all kinds of consolation, and finally commenced improvising a story which he continued till the remedies took effect, and the patient was quiet. The doctor, who was a stranger, having been called in the absence of the family physician, could not restrain his admiration of Heber's conduct on the occasion; and, calling him his "phil-

osophic friend," prognosticated for him a happy future.

He was especially attentive to the wants and wishes of his younger sisters. From the moment of their birth, till he was called to leave them, he was like a guardian angel, shielding from harm, encouraging to good, and giving them all the benefit of his superior knowledge and experience.

" Still let his mild rebuking stand,  
Between them and the wrong,  
And his dear memory serve to make  
Their faith in goodness strong."

Their infancy and childhood was a perpetual study to him, and their progress a subject of deep interest and careful observation. He often remarked on their limited responsibility as compared to his; they were like the lilies that toil not, neither do they spin, while he had passed out of the garden of infancy, and must fulfil the

tasks that every added year imposed. Their ignorance of evil, and their comparative innocence, led him often to recall

“ . . . those early days when he  
Shined in his angel-infancy !  
Before he understood this place  
Appointed for his second race,  
Or taught his soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought ;  
When yet he had not walked above  
A mile or two from his first love,  
And looking back at that short space,  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower  
His gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity.”

This is, perhaps, not a rare experience for a child with Heber's views of duty, although rarely, like him, have they the power of expressing such feelings ; but life to him was no idle dream. It was a serious voyage, whose ends and aims *might* be defeated. He had in view a purpose, and whenever this is the case, hope and fear must alternate in the breast of the ad-

venturer. No wonder then, as he watched the infant, so happy, because so unconscious of its destiny, that he sometimes

“ . . . longed to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track,  
That he might once more reach that plain,  
Where first he left his glorious train.”

But these were but the occasional intimations of “the mystery of life,” by which even a child’s mind is often painfully excited. It did not make him unhappy or morose, but at times thoughtful and serious.

When he was eight years old he made a visit to a relative, who, anxious to minister to his amusement, proposed one day that he should join a party of pleasure which was to make an excursion to a neighboring pond. To her astonishment Heber declined the invitation, and gave as a reason that he had promised his mother never to go on the water without her permission. “But,” said the lady, “you are under my care now, and it is

proper you should go if I give my consent." "Ah!" replied he, "but you can't take the responsibility from *me*." This reply of the young moralist was noted at the time, as an illustration of that strong sense of personal responsibility which he manifested from earliest childhood. It might be supposed that he would have yielded to the power of arguments so in unison with his inclinations, but, as on many other occasions, he cheerfully chose the path of duty rather than of pleasure, if it must be obtained at the cost of principle.

His interest in children much younger than himself, and his enjoyment of their amusements, were very remarkable. His little sisters were often confided to his care for an hour's entertainment, and never can they forget his persevering efforts to manufacture for them a toy, to paint them a picture, or procure for them the long desired plaything. In short, in his domestic

relations, he shone as a bright star; gladdening the hearts of his parents, and diffusing happiness throughout the household.

His life was a beautiful commentary on those principles which, drawn from the Bible, seemed daily to be unfolded to his intellect, and received into his heart. The Bible was his text-book. To his eye of faith there was no want of harmony in its various parts. The ancient dispensation, the oracles of the prophets, and the doctrines of our Saviour, all testified to the wisdom and goodness of God, and the weakness and dependence of man. To believe and obey seemed the most obvious of duties.

A missionary spirit naturally grew out of his translation of the Bible. As children of one father, the stronger should help the weaker, knowledge should enlighten ignorance, and goodness do battle with wickedness. He was ready to act his part



in the great undertaking, and conscientiously devoted himself to the missionary service. His determination to become a missionary is not so remarkable as his steady adherence to this resolution. The clear perceptions and straightforward logic of children, often make the path of duty much clearer to them than to older persons; but through lack of fixed principles, they fail to continue in the ways of well-doing. In the life of Heber, there was a rare harmony between his principles and his practice.

When he was four years old, a discussion arose between his sister and himself concerning the origin of the human family. His sister asserted that "everybody came down from heaven." "No, no," replied the young theologian, "we are Adam's children, made of dust and ashes, and that is the reason we are naughty." A few days after, he inquired of his mother how she *knew* there was a God. It had evi-

dently been a subject of thought which he wished to make clear to his logical understanding.

He was a constant attendant at church. Preaching was to him, no dead letter. He gave attention to the sermon, and seldom failed to understand its meaning, and give a satisfactory account of it. He went to church, not from compulsion, but from choice. It was often proposed to him to remain at home in the afternoon, but he seldom availed himself of the exemption.

His sabbath-school teacher says, "his unfailing interest, and his respectful manner, were ever a silent restraint upon his less thoughtful and interested companions . . . . ." "He was of great assistance to me in quoting passages of scripture; and in his application of them, I felt that I was receiving rather than giving instruction. He was not troubled by doubts and queries. The Bible was God's

word, and he received it joyfully. He would often express surprise at the questions asked by some of the class, and before I could answer, would repeat an appropriate text, which, to his mind, rendered further discussion unnecessary . . . . .”

“He took a great interest in our Juvenile Missionary Society, and always attended the quarterly meetings. At the meeting in February, he sat next me, and was exceedingly troubled, when the collection was made, at the low state of his funds. ‘But it is all I have got,’ he remarked; ‘how I wish it was more.’ . . . .” “The last Sabbath he was at school, he made his voluntary offering, saying, as he slipped it into the box, ‘This is what money is good for.’ . . . .”

He was a member of the Boston Provident Association, and attended personally to the demands made upon him in connection with that excellent institution. He dispensed his charities with a warm and

loving heart; and, for destitute children, there were no bounds to his compassion. A poor little neglected child with whom at one time he used often to come in contact, and whose pale face and disordered attire were in no way attractive, found out that she had a friend in Heber. It was a beautiful sight to observe the active spirited boy turn aside at her call to give her those smiles and that attention to which she was so little accustomed, but which are nevertheless so grateful to even the youngest wayfarer on life's journey.

He was not "forgetful to entertain strangers." He was happy if he could contribute to the comfort or enjoyment of a visitor. His finely sensitive nature led him instinctively to the performance of those little acts of courtesy, which he so well appreciated himself, and was therefore able to bestow upon others.

One evening a young gentleman called upon the family, but from the circum-

stance of several older persons being present, Heber thought, and perhaps with reason, that he was somewhat overlooked. But he was not long in extricating the visitor from his awkward position. With as little delay as possible he brought forward a book full of beautiful plates, (remembering that the young man was a lover of art,) and in a few minutes the whole company made but one party around the table, equally interested in the discussion of the pictures. How much pleasure may be given and received by a delicate adjustment of the common occurrences of life !

But his seasons of especial exaltation were on Sunday evenings. He seemed to have been brought by the exercises of the day into that frame of mind, whereby all his faculties were stimulated to that degree, and in that manner, which made him the most delightful of companions ; free to communicate, ready to receive. His knowledge of general subjects gave him

a wide range of thought, to which he would apply that standard of morals, and demand those explanations, and indulge in those speculations, which would often give rise to the most spirited fireside discussions. His whole being seemed to expand in this sabbath-day atmosphere, and his comments on the Bible, which on Sunday evenings he was accustomed to read aloud; were the expression of a soul full of lofty sentiments, dwelling in the sunshine of truth, and illuminated by it, till his very face shone like that of Moses.

“Some lives are thus blessed: it is God’s will: it is the attesting trace and lingering evidence of Eden.”

## THE LATIN SCHOOL.

“ Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn,  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care.”

IN September, 1852, Heber entered the Boston Latin School, an institution faithfully embodying the principle that, “what man has done, man may do.” Under the stern law of necessity, no time is lost in the discussion of possibilities, and the desired end is attained by the magic of concentrated energies. “The very same task which cost the mind the most grievous struggles between its inclination to desist, and its wish to proceed, if the motive be a little loose or questionable—this task,

not a whit abated, is performed with alacrity and ease, when once it is looked upon as in no way possible to be evaded. The sense of absolute necessity is that which makes all things easy—converting the impossible into the practicable.” This school produces thoroughly trained scholars, and furnishes them with the implements for pursuing the most extended plan of education. A foundation is laid upon which may be erected a stately edifice of learning. The course is a prescribed one, pursued without variation, or shadow of turning; to ensure the desired end, the pupil must be well endowed physically and mentally, and the parent must have energy and decision to encourage the child in the straight and narrow path of success, which even royalty has failed to make easy.

Heber was already a student. His intellect was developed beyond his years, and, by the discipline of the grammar school, he was well fitted for his new



labors. And labor and sorrow it was to him to conquer the Latin grammar. To commit to memory a system of arbitrary rules, without application or elucidation, appeared to him like so much useless, lumber forced into the storehouse of memory, which could never be made available. Not that he objected to study, but to that mode which seems to disjoin words from ideas. But in due time it was accomplished, and so thoroughly that the reading of Latin was but a pastime, compared to the acquisition of the grammar.

But every hill of difficulty during his first year at the Latin school was gilded by the sun of friendship. His cousin A. had always been preëminently beloved among his circle of young companions; and, being very nearly of Heber's age, he naturally claimed his affections; now, for the first time they were associated in their duties as well as their pleasures, and their intercourse was soul-animating. A. was his

classmate as well as schoolmate, his friend at all times and all seasons. Together they shared failure and success, hopes and fears, pleasures and pains. Happy, eager aspirants for the same undying laurels of "good behavior" and "good scholarship." Most cordially will A. apply to Heber the following eloquent description of a friend. It is one who "animates us to work and to grow, bracing, and cheering us, showing us the possibilities of human virtue, giving us such an example of truth, gentleness, and magnanimity, as will enable us to 'credit the best things in history.' Assimilated souls, doing thus, will no more think of deserting each other, and falling on lower ranges of thought and feeling, than a flower would think of fleeing from sunlight and dew."

May the tender blossoms of this spring-friendship, overcast for a season by the shadow of death, and blighted to the eye of sense, "before a leaf was tarnished, or a

flower withered, or a bud blown to shattering," unfold and mature in that glorious land, "where every flower, brought safe thro' death's dark portal, becomes immortal."

## MUSIC.

“This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
Through portals of the sense.”

HEBER commenced a course of violin lessons, April 26, 1853. It was supposed that this musical fancy would be of short duration, but he was always so reasonable in his wishes, that it was a pleasure to indulge him in an occasional innocent caprice, from that superabundance of affection that chooses to overflow all utilitarian bounds. He was one of those children that could recognize an indulgence, and receive it gracefully. The supply of his necessary wants he never regarded as a right, but as a favor, for which he dutifully returned all love and obedience.

We find this record of one of his early music lessons. "In what beautiful contrast is the fair face of the boy, with the grave aspect of the teacher! Heber, so docile, so attentive, so anxious to improve. Mr. S . . . so patient, so hopeful in the herculean labor of guiding those young fingers over infinitesimal distances, and giving the right direction to that long awkward bow, from whose *precise* movements must emanate 'those lesser thirds so plaintive, — sixths diminished sigh on sigh,' — those 'commiserating sevenths,' — those 'suspensions,' — those 'solutions.' I do not know which to admire the most, the master or the pupil. Mysterious indeed is the initiation to the secrets of the violin! What skill to teach a string to vibrate to feelings too delicate for expression in words! It would seem to require the spell of a magician, rather than the ordinary efforts of a common mortal.

"Mr. S . . . does not hesitate to en-

courage Heber in his undertaking, and, thus far, to commend his progress."

Every aid was furnished him in the prosecution of his music, although his school and play hours left him but little time for practice, except under the eye of his master. These lessons were hailed with pleasure, and upon their conclusion were almost always spoken of, not as a tiresome exercise, but as a pleasant recreation ; the result, in some measure, of the reciprocal friendship that had grown up between teacher and scholar, and still more from that delight which the novice experiences upon his first introduction to the world of music.

At the end of a year he had learned to express himself in that language in which the sensitive and poetic soul delights to utter itself. Imperfectly, of course, but to that degree which makes expression a pleasure. It was on the occasion of the departure of his cousin A . . . . for Europe

that he shut himself up in his room with his violin, and drew from it such tones of love and sadness as only the grief-burdened heart of a child can feel. Not until twilight had deepened into night could he be beguiled from his sad solitude, and induced to take a philosophic view of his friend's departure. This circumstance proved an era in his musical experience. Ever after, the violin was exalted to the rank of a companion. He divided with it his joys and his sorrows, and made it the partner of his choicest hours.

After he had learned to sustain his part in duetts, trios, and quartettes, Mr. S . . . interspersed his course of instruction by an occasional parlour concert, the preparation for which gave him much pleasure, on account of the introduction of one or two additional instruments necessary to bring out their musical selections. These selections were from the masters, and every part but his own being sustained by pro-

fessed artists, it was a rich treat for Heber. He gave his imagination free play, and allowed himself to be borne far aloft on the wings of harmony. More than once, under these propitious influences, did he play his part with so much taste and feeling, as to draw tears from the listener. Not that he excelled so much in execution, as “in that *inner* warmth of the soul,” as his teacher expressed it, which is so much akin to genius, and without which there may be the letter of music, but not its spirit.

Heber’s modesty was somewhat tried on these occasions ; and his sister remarked that he was often “lost” after having finished his performance, and could not be found until his presence was required in another piece.

The following is the programme of a concert for which he was preparing when he was taken ill. He requested his mother to preserve it, and it is preserved, in sad



remembrance of those hours that were supposed to be but the harbingers of a long life, in sweet accord with every accomplishment as well as every virtue.

## PROGRAMME.

- No. 1. Les cloches du monastère.....*Wily.*  
 2. Scène des tombeaux, from Lucia di Lammermoor.....*Artôt.*  
 3. Melodie Italienne, for the flute.....*Vaccay.*  
 4. La Melancolie.....*Prume.*  
 5. Nocturne.....*Field.*  
 6. Quartette.....*Haydn.*  
 7. Potpourri, from William Tell.....*Rossini.*  
 Introduction, Fisherman's Song, and the Tyrolienne.

## LATIN SCHOOL.—SECOND YEAR.

“What joyful harvester did e'er obtain  
The sweet fruition of his hopeful gain,  
Till he in hardy labors first had passed  
The summer's heat, and stormy winter's blast.”

CÆSAR'S Commentaries, the principal text-book of the second year at the Latin school, proved much more attractive to Heber than the Latin grammar, so strenuously insisted upon during the first year. He read it with ease and correctness, and his written translations were highly commendable. The well-conned grammar, made subsequent progress comparatively easy, as must always be the case where the pupil has the sagacity to apply the familiar principles. He had now identi-

fied himself with the school, and not even a proposed tour to Europe had power to swerve him from his purpose of continuing in that course, which, although sometimes irksome, he felt to be in the highest sense advantageous.

His teacher says of him: "I well remember Heber as he came into my room in November, 1852. A bright sunny-faced little boy, gentle and cheerful, quick of apprehension, thoughtful, fond of inquiry, interested in his work, and anxious to understand every thing fully. He learned very quickly in general, although some things he found difficult of acquisition; for example, the Latin grammar, whose utility he doubted, and whose 'dryness' he seemed to feel was unpardonable; but having mastered it, he read Latin with great facility. He studied less than many boys, but always maintained a fair rank in his class; although for rank he cared little, and was satisfied when he had got

the lesson so that *he* understood it. I was not inclined to urge him forward, because I saw him faithful and conscientious in all his duties, and knew that the result would be ultimate success. A powerful main-spring of action was the desire to please his parents, and he would often quote them as a motive for exertion.

“He never stooped to the slightest meanness, and was strictly honorable in every act; never swerving from what he thought right, although it might benefit himself. He would never construe a doubt in his own favor, but received only what his own sense of justice gave him. If any part of the lesson seemed doubtful to him, that was the first part to be brought forward. He cared more to understand it, than to slip smoothly over it unquestioned.

“He was quick and impulsive, and had a good deal of boyish humor. He had his faults, but they were of that character

that did not lessen one's respect for him. It was but the overflowing of boyish life and activity.

"In his intercourse with me he was frank and confiding; quietly submissive to what he thought designed for his good, and determined to attain to his own high standard of honor and propriety.

"His career is a pleasant one to look back upon. His earnest determination to do his duty faithfully, resolutely to meet whatever demands were made upon him, however difficult or repulsive, his truth and manly integrity in all his school relations, his purity and simplicity of character, united to so much courtesy and kindness of heart, could not but win the esteem and affection of his classmates, and endear him to his teachers.

"Sad is the early close of so beautiful a life — although long enough to leave us with pleasant memories, and hopes still brighter."

### LATIN SCHOOL.—THIRD YEAR.

“Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed.”

HEBER was never more interested in his studies than during his last year at school. He read Ovid with great pleasure, and said that “to get a lesson in Virgil was a luxury.”

He was fond of carrying forward two trains of thought at the same time, and often insisted that he could get a lesson or write an exercise much better while his father was reading aloud. His French exercises were generally written under these circumstances. That he gave heed to both was well attested by the completed exercise, and by the running commentary that

he made on the subject of the book, which afterwards was often the topic of a spirited conversation.

He was now, for the first time, required to write English composition. His natural command of language, and his general intelligence made these exercises a pleasure rather than a task. [*See Appendix.*]

He had commenced Greek. The grammar he found hard of acquisition, but he had entered the lists of learning, and expected to win its laurels at the expense of study.

Perhaps the character of his mind could not be better described than in the following passage from a work on education. The author, treating of mental diversities, remarks, of a certain class of minds, “that they have a clear and happy comprehension of whatever is offered in the ordinary course of study—a steady, spontaneous perseverance in achieving whatever has once presented itself to the mind as desir-

able, a solidity of judgment some years in advance of the actual age, a disposition to generalize, in relation to the great interests of mankind, and as a particular trait, a passion for history." This passion for history was indeed strong. The day before his death he inquired of his father, (having read Prescott's Philip the Second with great interest,) when Motley's Dutch Republic would appear. .

But, preëminently characteristic, not only as a child, but as a scholar, was his docility. He lost no time in wandering about in the dim light of his own understanding, but chose the wisdom that cometh from above. His parents, his teachers, his minister, were authorities sent from God, and as such he gave unto them diligent heed. His life was an illustration of that moral beauty which results from an early submission to the law of righteousness. In short, it was the "beauty of holiness" that shed such a lustre around his fair young head.



Great pains were taken to secure for him pleasant vacations, quite removed from the scenes of his every day school-life. One of these expeditions was to West Point; this visit laid the foundation of quite a complicated game of his own invention, which proved of sufficient interest to occupy him for many an hour of the winter of '56. His plan was to train an army of marbles under the most rigid system of military discipline, opposing to them various enemies, and putting to the test the skill and valor of their leader. The conception was a childish one, but not so the application of judgment in the management of these "refractory forces," as he was accustomed to call them. He generally reviewed them in the evening; and they were in active service every day but Sunday. Sometimes an officer was promoted, sometimes a deserter shot. Sometimes victory, and sometimes defeat, but always enough of the grand and heroic prevailed

to give dignity to his plans, and ultimate success to his operations. In this ideal world he had no companion, but exercised unlimited authority according to his own ideas of right and wrong.

He would fain have concealed his interest in his army, and disliked to have any allusion made to it, quite unconscious that he was exercising one of the noblest faculties of the soul—imagination.

His amusements were never coarse or vulgar. He was fond of riding on horseback, and of fishing. His summer visits to the sea-shore were always hailed with pleasure, and concluded with regret. It must not be supposed that, because he was sometimes denominated one of “the pious ones,” he was not one of the “happy ones.” No one more fully realized the truth of the proverb, that wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

### THE CLOSE.

“ 'Tis ever thus — 'tis ever thus, when Hope has built a  
bower,  
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless  
flower,  
To dwell therein securely — the self-deceivers trust;  
A whirlwind from the desert comes — and ‘all is in the  
dust.’

“ 'Tis ever thus — 'tis ever thus, that, when the poor  
heart clings  
With all its finest tendrils — with all its flexile rings —  
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast —  
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

“ 'Tis ever thus — 'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal  
bliss —  
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as  
this.  
One moment round about us their angel lightnings play,  
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all has  
passed away.

“ ’Tis ever thus—’tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth ;

Seraphic sounds, which float away (borne heavenward) in their birth.

The golden thread is broken—the silver cord is mute,  
The sweet bells all are silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

“ ’Tis ever thus—’tis ever thus, with all that’s best below,

The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go—  
The bird that sings the sweetest, the pine that crowns the rock,

The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.

“ ’Tis ever thus—’tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,

Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly creatures bear ;

A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,  
Then spread their wings, we had not seen, and seek their home above.”

THE first of April, 1856, was a bright pleasant day. Life was gliding on as usual with Heber. Not a cloud was visible on his “great heaven of blue.” His school duties were accomplished as usual, his afternoon devoted to recreation, and at tea he was in unusually high spirits, in the pros-

pect of spending the evening with his cousin A . . . . . A visit to his uncle L . . . . . 's was always a sunbeam in his path, for, in addition to the company of his cousins, he had the sympathy, the counsels, and the affection of his uncle and aunt; returned, on his part, by unbounded love and confidence. Family bonds he ever regarded as peculiarly sacred, and never failed in duty or respect towards all his relatives. His great-grandmother, who lives to mourn his loss, cannot forget his respectful manner, and his thoughtful attention to every thing that pertained to her comfort or happiness.

Upon his return home from this visit, he complained of slight indisposition, and had a restless and uneasy night. Medical aid was called, and he was so much relieved that the physician's visits were discontinued, but his convalescence not being as rapid as was expected, Dr. G . . . . . was recalled. From this date, (April 5,) his

serious illness may be said to have commenced.

He was never visited by the "sharp ministers of pain." His descent was gradual—marked by no sudden paroxysms, no startling changes. Fever wasted his frame, but never clouded his reason. He was Heber to the last; often rising quite superior to the body, and conversing with his father upon books, and the topics of the day, as if desirous of avoiding all allusions to his own situation. He seemed throughout to hold in check his emotional nature, and by a constant self-control to give no opportunity for a scene which he knew must ensue, in the prospect of a separation from his family. He remarked to his sister that he thought himself very ill, and spoke doubtfully of his recovery, but earnestly requested her to say nothing of this to his parents.

His patience, his submission, his energy in carrying out every plan designed for

his relief, his tender consideration for all those who ministered to his wants, can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to watch this youthful traveller down the dark valley.

An aunt who had been absent during his illness, did not see him till the morning of the 21st. Life was fast ebbing, but with his accustomed politeness, he neglected not to introduce her to a friend who had been in attendance upon him during the previous week, and whom he supposed to be unknown to her.

With the same delicate sense of propriety, he asked his aunt to excuse him as he accidentally threw his arm against her in one of those paroxysms of restlessness that so often precede death. "You know," he continued, "I have never been ill before, and I don't know how to behave."

Hope did not flee his pillow till April the 20th. Up to this date his physician,

who was "instant in season and out of season," and his faithful nurse, who was unremitting in her attendance by day and by night, looked for the fruit of their labors in his ultimate recovery. But it was not to be. His life-trial closed on the evening of the 21st.

"I felt," says one, in a record of that day, "that the gates of heaven had opened upon him when his father brought him those beautiful flowers, and that fresh fruit, at four o'clock in the afternoon. 'Perfectly —— splendid!' 'Perfectly —— splendid,' he said, with such a look, and in such a tone, as he might have done amid the ravishing scenes of Heaven. 'And how fragrant,' he added, as if they gave him *perfect* satisfaction."

"As light and warmth to noon-tide hours,  
To sweetest voices tuneful songs,  
And as to summer fields the flowers,  
So heaven to heavenly souls belongs."



## TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS.

“ IF such hath been his life's first dawn,  
Oh! what will be the glorious morn,  
Just opening on his soul!  
Favored of Heaven! to wear the crown,  
Life's weary race to him unknown,  
And sit with laurelled conquerors down,  
Who toiled to reach the goal.”

Mr. G . . . . ., principal of the Latin school, upon the intelligence of Heber's death, thus addressed his father:—

“Although all words of consolation on such an occasion, except from the nearest and dearest, seem almost like intrusion upon the holiness of one's grief, still I am sure that you will excuse my attempting to express to you the promptings of my heart.

“Heber was too good, too gentle, too affectionate, too pure, to allow me to withhold this faint utterance of my appreciation of his character, and I am sure that it must be a comfort to you in your affliction to realize that his virtues were recognized and his character known. Why may we not adopt that beautiful belief that he has been transferred to another world, because he was too good to remain longer in this.

“I requested some of his classmates to put in writing their estimate of his character. This they did in the following words : —

“‘We, as Heber’s classmates, believe him to have been a boy of strictly upright principles, always kind and affectionate to his schoolmates, always truthful and generous, and never to have uttered language of which he had reason to be ashamed. And we beg leave to offer to his family our heartfelt sympathies on this mournful occasion, and to express our deep sense of the loss of one so dearly beloved and so universally lamented.’”

Mr. S . . . , his music teacher, writes : —

“Heber’s musical talent was, indeed, remarkable. . . . . His fine taste always led him into the right

road. He possessed that inner warmth of the soul so superior to a mere brilliant execution. . . . .

“His kind heart could not but make his teacher his friend. How admirable his tact in interpreting the meaning of the foreigner, and assisting him in his conversation or instruction to the right term or expression ! . . . . .

“How often his soundness and ripeness of judgment have surprised me ! . . . . .

“How uniformly gentle and respectful were his manners ! ”

A young lady, residing at a distance, but an occasional visitor in the family, thus describes her first acquaintance with Heber : —

“How well I remember him as he looked when I first saw him in the winter '45 and '46. His sweet, childlike, delicate face ! How prettily he repeated some French fables and verses, and how earnest was the look of the little face as he repeated passages from the Psalms, all of which he had learned at his aunt E . . . . 's school. . . . .

“And I see him, too, as he looked one afternoon, when you brought him down to see me, and as soon as you left, he came up into my room, and kneeling

down on the floor, with a chair for his table, amused himself with making great pictures with my black crayons, delighted that he could make such a huge black mark. As he kneeled there, bending over the paper, he looked as if he belonged to some fairer home. . . . .

“Four years ago, when I was at Mrs. W . . . .’s, he came to see me. There was the same sweet face, the same harmony and simplicity pervading his whole manner. In a few minutes he was engaged in play with G . . . .

“G . . . . . was lame that winter, and surely nothing could be more beautiful than his tender devotion to her.

“How sweet and precious is every memory of him! Some wondrous fragrance clings around each one!

“As I read this morning, ‘Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven,’ my thoughts turned instantly to Heber. Just like him! He always had the spirit of a little child. . . . .

“Since that short visit he made here, his name has been spoken almost as often as my absent brother G . . . .; and A . . . always insisted that no boy could compare with him. Do you know

how gentlemanly, how manly he was when away from home? How easily he was pleased and satisfied, and how genial and pleasant he was to every one, from father, down to brother J . . . 's little boy."

Mrs. W . . . . . (in whose family Heber visited, and to which reference has been made) was accustomed to study the characters of children, and had unusual facilities of intercourse with young people. She says of Heber:—

"I never yet met with any child, who in so short a time laid such hold on my affections. How lovely and lovable he was! How beautiful it was to witness his animated expression of interest in every thing around him, both in the house and by the way. . . . .

"The walk in the village; some of his peculiar phrases to the baby, which have become household words with us; a sweet conversation with him one Sunday morning as we walked in the garden—what a sad sweetness in these memories!"

Dr. W . . . . . writes:—

“The dear child was lovely, very lovely in form and manner, in mind and habit, in temper and docility, and gave hope to all both of goodness and greatness. But he came from God, and he has returned to God. He belonged to the higher order of Universal Providence, and his true place is as a star which appeared first dimly, and then brighter, until, marking its character, it proceeded to its place amid the permanent heavenly constellations. Let him be to you now a fixed star, whose beauty you may contemplate, whose light and glory you may rejoice in, and whose passage has all the sooner removed him from the infirmities and grossness of human passions and the waywardness of shortsighted intellect.”

His grandfather says: —

“We mourn not only for you, but for ourselves; for we loved the precious boy more than is common, more than we can express. He was truly a most interesting, lovely, and extraordinary child, possessed in an eminent degree of those traits of character which were calculated exceedingly to endear him to his family and friends. But it seems as though he were too good for the

uncongenial clime of this world, and therefore Infinite Wisdom saw fit to transfer him to the Paradise of God. We may well rejoice for his sake, while we weep for ourselves, but the language of our hearts must be, 'the will of the Lord be done.' . . . . .

"My family has long been exempted from painful bereavement; it is nearly thirty years since a death has occurred among my descendants. But 'the cup goes round, and who so artful as to pass it by.'"

His pastor writes: —

"I regard it as a privilege, though of a mournful kind, to hang a single wreath upon the tomb of Heber. His virtues were not unknown to me, and his memory is very precious. Out of my own private circle there was no one for whom I had a more affectionate regard. If it be true that 'the child is father to the man,' what a bright maturity might have been predicted from an opening existence so promising!

"His countenance, as the index of his soul, was thoughtful, contemplative, at times even sedate. Yet was there in it nothing of melancholy. A

serene joy seemed to have settled upon it. It was as natural for him to be thoughtful as for others of his age to be thoughtless; and where many might indulge in idle reverie or mere mental vacancy, he would find materials for reflection. His inquiries in the Sabbath school often sent his teacher's thoughts into the depths of sacred love, and his fixed attention to the preached Word gave proof of the interest he took in the great truths of the Gospel. That interest was heartfelt, and had its origin in the secret movements of the Holy Spirit upon his soul. His seat in the sanctuary being near the pulpit, I could observe with pleasure the undivided attention which he gave to every portion of the worship. Whoever else might be dull or indifferent, I was sure one youthful hearer was awake to the momentous theme.

"I recall with satisfaction the last conversation which I had with this lovely boy. It was in a walk homeward from the Common. I spoke of his future career, and inquired if he had settled the point as to his profession. He said he had. 'Is it the ministry,' I asked. 'Yes,' was the prompt reply. 'And are you willing to go and carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth?' 'I hope so,' was his modest answer. We then went into a



conversation of the necessary qualifications, and I found that he was perfectly aware of their nature, as embracing a consecration of the *heart* as well as the intellect. With a politeness which seemed in him an instinct rather than an acquisition, he passed by the street where he would naturally have taken leave of me, and accompanied me to my own door. This interview has left upon me an indelible impression of his preparation for a ministry in a higher sphere.

“My only regret now is that I had not more frequent intercourse with a mind so finely moulded, so full of promise, so susceptible to all good influences; but I doubt not an education was going on in that soul, under the mysterious power of the Holy Spirit, superseding, in some degree, the necessity of human inculcation.

“‘God’s ways are not our ways;’ we might say, what a loss not only to his friends, but to his country and to the church! Had he been spared, how much good might he have achieved! But his removal gives assurance that he was needed in another and holier sphere. God has a place for him, and work for him. Such spirits are needed in Heaven as well as upon earth; and a great company of the early dead, fitted to grace any depart-

ment of this world's usefulness, have been transferred thither, and are associated in works of love and acts of devotion, gracing the *upper* as they once did this *lower* world; among whom will be found in shining vestments the dear child for whom I shall ever retain an affectionate remembrance."

## APPENDIX.



### COMPOSITIONS.

THE following compositions are an honest expression of Heber's opinions on these subjects. They are school exercises on topics prescribed by his teacher, and written rapidly, without much attention to phraseology, but with a scrupulous regard to principle. He had the pen of a ready writer, and a command of language that induced his teacher to doubt, on one occasion, the genuineness of his composition. Nothing was more unjust than this suspicion, which was entirely removed by a subsequent acquaintance with Heber's power in this department, and which led him to remark that "the pen was his stronghold."

## A GOOD CHARACTER.

THE foundation of society, and of intercourse of all kinds between man and man, is confidence in each other. And this confidence can be given only to those of tried character. If no such confidence existed, friendship, man's greatest blessing, could not for a moment exist.

A person in whom no confidence can be placed, is a disgrace to society ; and how miserable such an one must feel, when he reflects that even his most solemn asseverations cannot be believed.

A person of good character must be respected even by the worst of people ; while every one, in heart, despises the deceitful man. Thus, we read in the fable, that when the fox (one supposed to be of good character) having lost his tail in a trap, advised his companions, the other foxes, to cut off theirs, they all would have done so, had he not been discovered to be an impostor. Whereupon his counsel lost its weight, and he was banished from their community.

Such confidence was reposed in Cincinnatus, that at a period of the greatest emergency he was raised

from the plough to the dictatorship, and Rome's fortunes were confided to him.

The wisest of men has said, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor more than gold and silver, thereby showing the high estimation he had of integrity.

It may be noticed in all times that men of integrity have been *respected*, and though vice may *apparently* triumph over virtue, its victories are only transitory. Man cannot love or obey those whom he cannot respect, and among the host of flatterers that surround the tyrant, none can be found who are his real friends.

It therefore follows that integrity is necessary in order to secure the respect of our fellow-men, and that without it we can neither obtain their love nor confidence.



### COURTESY.

THE importance of hospitality and the courtesies of common life must be obvious to the most careless observer. They are the natural outflow of human kindness, and, like all other kindnesses, exert a mollifying influence; they smooth the

roughnesses of life, and open a door of access even to the heart of an enemy. The rites of hospitality have always been considered sacred even by the most savage nations, proving that nature implanted them in the human heart.

The civilities of life are what oil is to prevent friction in a complicated machine. They oblige us to conceal and in a measure they enable us to overcome our foibles, while they give to a person a polish and ease in the society of others which can be obtained in no other way. Hospitality, also, has the same effect, in bringing people into contact with each other, and in causing a *friendly* feeling. Among the most barbarous nations, having eaten of their bread, you are entitled to their protection.

There is a pretty little French story, which runs something to this effect. A traveller was walking, one foggy morning, between two mountains, when he descried, in the distance, what he at first supposed to be a monster. On a nearer approach, he saw it was a man, and nearer still, a brother. Pebbles even become smooth by contact with each other.

The story of Abigail and Nabal, as depicted in the Bible, is an admirable illustration of the different effects of courtesy and churlishness. Nabal, by

his rudeness, would have brought destruction upon himself and his household, had it not been averted by the courtesy of Abigail.

Hannah More has said that good manners should be ranked among the minor morals, thereby showing the high estimation in which she held them. And a king of France has said, that if a civil word will make a man happy, he must be a wretch who will not bestow it.

The beneficial effects of a genial manner are universally acknowledged ; but like all other accomplishments, needs cultivation. A hospitable man makes many friends. A courteous one is at his ease in all places, and among all people ; seldom giving offence, and always obliging.

Such an one is a bright ornament to society.



#### ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

“THE *fool* hath said in his heart, there is no God.” It is evident that none but a fool could have said this. The term, in Scripture, signifies one who has lost his right apprehension of God, without reference to his intellectual capacities.

How applicable is the term to one who can look abroad in nature, and not see God everywhere; how much greater than intellectual foolishness! Our blessed Lord says, "If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness; if, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

"Hath said in his heart!" He thinks there is no God! and thoughts are words, in heaven. He tries to believe that there is no Ruler—no Governor of the Universe, no one to punish sin, no one to protect the righteous. How wretched must such a state be—a constant struggle to convince one's self of what one knows to be false. How can he lie down in peace at night, or anticipate a happy future!

How different the state of the Christian, believing, resting on the Rock of Ages, and remembering that the very hairs of his head are all numbered, and that God has promised to protect him from the arrow that flieth by night and the pestilence that waiteth at noonday.

All religion depends on this one point, that there is a God. For without this one point, we can have no foundation whatever for religious belief.

Let us then try to prove the existence of God.



Every thing we see in nature proves the existence of a first cause, infinitely wise and powerful. A man may as well doubt whether there be a sun in the heavens, when he feels its rays, as to doubt whether there be a God, when he sees His works. The atheist, therefore, is a fool, when he denies what every creature asserts: the spider in his web, the ant in her granary, the bird in her nest, all show that there is a Higher Being, who created and implanted their wonderful instincts in them.

The power of conscience is a proof, also, of the same great truth. Cain said, "Every one that finds me shall slay me." And we read that when Belshazzar saw the handwriting on the wall, his countenance changed. The atheist, also, is a coward. For the Psalmist says, He is in fear where no fear is. The natural sting and horror of conscience are demonstrations that God is to judge and punish.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above was an unfinished fragment.



## ON THE GOVERNMENT OF TEMPER.

TEMPER is unrestrained impulse, the most dangerous and fickle madness. A person under its

influence is completely insane, and should be avoided as such. He is devoid of reason, which alone distinguishes him from the brute. Besides, it is dangerous to yield to it, for it gathers strength with indulgence, and, as a Latin poet hath said, "it rules unless it obeys."

The government of temper is necessary to the preservation of order. Many *little* occurrences will happen to cause anger. Sudden outbursts of temper in many instances are the cause of crimes, which would have never been committed in "cool blood." A passionate man is particularly dangerous; as the moment before he was your bosom friend, he now becomes your deadly enemy. A quick-tempered person is always an object of terror and pity. His presence can only be a clog to society. If every man should give himself up entirely to his temper, men would have to live alone, and would never meet except to fight. He would fall from the figure and likeness, of God, and sink lower than the beast. He would retard, in fact stop, all such things as science and art, he would become ignorant of all the discoveries of the past, and sink into primeval ignorance.

Alexander the Great, who overcame so many nations, himself fell a victim to his ungovernable

temper, and under its influence killed his best friend and adviser. When he recovered from his madness, he deeply regretted his folly, and fell into a melancholy which was nearly fatal. The anger of Achilles was of the greatest disadvantage to the Greeks, as Homer says it was "to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered." The effects of anger spread their baneful influences on every side, as the explosion of a magazine not only destroys itself, but scatters death and destruction in all directions.

Wordsworth says, "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man." Yes, truly, the man who grovels and becomes the abject slave of his passions, is the meanest thing in all God's universe.

Look at the angry man ! See the changes which come over his countenance, and the fiend in his face. His livid and compressed lips, his clenched hands and frantic gestures, his starting and glaring eyes, his trembling limbs ! Could we but look into his heart, we should see it filled with the worst and darkest passions — passions too bad for expression, too bad even for this bad world. Beware of the fiend !

“DO SAVAGE NATIONS POSSESS THE RIGHT  
OF ‘THE SOIL?’”

So long as man retains a body of its present earthly mould, and so long as food is necessary to his existence, he must have a country to dwell in while living, and a spot to lay his bones in when dead. No matter how sterile the soil, or how inclement the climate, the strongest and best affections of the savage heart twine about his native land, with the same strength of his more civilized neighbor, and not even the fear of death itself can eradicate from his heart the love that he has in common with all mankind for the country which gave him birth.

How repulsive, then, is it to every feeling of humanity and justice to drive from his native and rightful soil the savage, merely to satisfy the insatiable thirst of possession and power which dwell in the heart of his civilized neighbor, and which the whole world would not satisfy. Thus, we are told that Alexander the Great, when a youth, having heard that there were many worlds, wept and exclaimed: “Alas me, who do not as yet possess even one.”

Who can justify the unparalleled cruelties of the

Spaniards in South America and the West Indies, when they employed bloodhounds to hunt down the miserable natives, and the most excruciating tortures to compel them to disclose the hiding-places of the chiefs and the concealment of their treasures. They seem to have considered the poor natives as made of different flesh and blood from themselves, and to have exterminated them with as little compunction as they would so many beasts. Whither shall the miserable fugitives go? What country will receive them? Man covers all the habitable earth, and these fugitives, driven from *home*, must either drive some other nation from their home, or perish from starvation and exposure, far from the graves of their fathers.

The very reasons that are given by the invaders show their own fallacy. The English went to India to establish a trading post, and the Spaniards to America to spread the Gospel. But they used a new system of spreading it, which ought to receive a patent for efficiency from the "*Propaganda Fidei*" of Rome, for sending so many of the natives so quickly to heaven. The gentle precepts of the Gospel are apt to be efficacious in the hands of such men as Cortez and his soldiers, while could anything more forcibly impress upon their

minds the command, "thou shalt not lie," than the unparalleled perfidy of Pizarro to their ruling Incas!

All nations differ from each other in their characteristics. The versatile Frenchman and the stolid Englishman cannot be alike. The difference may be seen by the different exhortations given to their men before battle by Napoleon and Nelson. The former says: "Forty centuries look down upon us." The latter: "England expects every man to do his duty." The French fought for renown, the English from a sense of duty. Each claims the superiority; but who has it?

Suppose the French should invade England, and a Frenchman, taking possession of a villa, should devastate the neighboring country, and on being asked why he did so, should say, "because I am a superior being; I can make better ragouts, and I can dance better; of course you will not question my superiority." Why should not public and private rights be equally respected? Why should England, with all her boasted justice, grind down India and Ireland? All men are made of the same flesh and blood. All men have the same natural rights—the negro, the Indian, the savage as well as all others. Shakspeare has beautifully said, Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew organs, dimen-

sions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is?

---

#### A TASTE FOR SIMPLE PLEASURES.

MEN have always been seekers of pleasure. In fact, it is a necessary part of their existence. As one of the necessities of life, it may not be altogether useless to look at pleasures, and select therefrom the most simple and unexceptionable. A sense of pleasure induces happiness, whether physical or intellectual; it tends to free the mind from care, to fill it with joy, to give it its proper elasticity, and fit it for future effort. Without any such relaxation, with the mind entirely engrossed on one subject, many persons would become monomaniacs. The monasteries of the middle ages are striking examples of the pernicious effects of entire abstinence from pleasures. Thus, with few exceptions, they made morose and sordid men.

The excess of pleasure is as bad, and, perhaps,

worse than its entire absence. It debases and weakens the mind, and sinks it to a level but little higher than that of the brutes. Juvenal tells us of a voluptuous Roman, who once asked his slaves whether he was sitting or not, so much had he become like the brutes that perish. Many, in chasing the gilded butterfly across the moors, have fallen into a ditch, from which they are with difficulty extricated, bringing with them the "filme of the pit." Like the elements of fire and water, pleasure is a good servant but a bad master.

Nature's economy has provided employment and pleasure as well as food for every creature, from the smallest insect up to man. The most ignorant person can or should find pleasure in looking at the stars, the sky, the ocean, and the landscape. It is a good proverb, "that if we would have what we like, we should like what we have." After all, simple pleasures are the best, for they leave behind them no pernicious effects. Many pleasures are unnatural, and must be acquired like vice,

"A monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

All the faculties of man are by nature adapted to



pleasurable excitement, and are susceptible of the highest culture. Under such culture, the purest and highest pleasure can be obtained from their exercise. A painter finds his chief pleasure in looking at an old ruin or half-buried temple, the beautiful landscape or painted sky; and the musician finds the most refined pleasure in listening to music. Music is one of the purest pleasures; it enchants the ear, and is loved by all, from the infant to the white-headed man. Such pleasures strengthen the family circle, and draw the young man from the gaming-table and perhaps from the wine-cup. They improve instead of weakening the mind, and make better friends, better citizens, and better men.

The Epicurean system, long since exploded, inculcated the dogma, that pleasure was the chief happiness of life, and therefore it should be man's chief end and aim.

But it is labor, and a sense of duty performed, that can give the highest pleasure, and that can sweeten the bitterest cup of the most varied fortune.

●  
MODERN DISCOVERIES.

IN the time of Achilles and Agamemnon, when the greatest bully was the greatest man, when mental culture was considered below the dignity of the warrior, and time spent on the cultivation of the mind as lost, Franklin would have been considered a fool, and Shakspeare a madman. The lofty flights of Milton and the fine sentiment of Keats would have been lost upon them, and so small was their appreciation of intellectual superiority, that Homer was considered only as the herald to sound the praises of their heroes. The discovery of a planet would have been an event of no moment to them, except as it might be ominous of evil, or useful in some incantation ; while the discoveries of Pascal, who broke down so many errors, and added so many truths to the science of geometry, would have been considered as not worthy of the most casual notice. Discoveries have been made only as they were needed, as man will not give time or labor to that in which he has no interest.

The invention of the press was coeval with the Reformation, and when was it so needed ? And

when the nations of Europe began to understand the superiority of the light and unencumbered man over their heavy infantry, then gunpowder was invented ; and if since that time men have decreased in strength, they have increased in skill in the art of war.

The press and gunpowder are the two great levellers ; the former shows men their equality, and the latter enables them to vindicate it, and to bring down from his eyrie the robber lord, who previous to its invention could ride down with comparative safety thousands of his serfs.

When a sure and rapid communication between distant places became not only convenient, but necessary, and when the strength of man and beasts was found inferior to these requirements, then one of the greatest discoveries of the world was made, namely, the steam-engine. The strength of the steam-engine, that never tires, can make the greatest anchors and weave the finest gossamer. No work is too hard or unceasing for it. It can drive ships across the ocean, or drag, with incredible speed, the heaviest weights. "Such changes has it produced that gentlemen in London now pass in one day from their club in St. James Street to their shooting box among the Grampians, which before the dis-

covery of steam travel was almost 'a *terra incognita*' to the English themselves."

But something still greater was needed, and men thousands of miles apart must converse, as it were, face to face, and then the telegraph was invented. Jove must give up his thunderbolts, to insatiate man.

The press, the art of war, and the steam-engine, have, without a doubt, been greatly improved since their invention, but it is but the finish to the statue. Whenever other discoveries are needed, and not till then, shall we have them.



#### MORNING.

MORNING is the birth of day, and all nature seems, like the Phœnix, to rise to new life. The birds sing with renewed sweetness, animals start up into new vigor, and leap for joy, and the flowers give forth their sweetest perfume. Man sympathizes with the universal joy, and returns to his labor with renewed hopes and energies, forgetting in the exhilaration of the present the disappointments of the past.

It may be called a new creation. The sun rises as gloriously as when its rays first fell on Eden. Nature greets him; and the leaves open, the dew-drops glisten like diamonds on the grass, and the birds, nature's vocalists, sing in his honor.

In the morning only can nature be seen in all her splendor. The leaves and the grass lose their freshness under the heat of noon, and the birds and animals, having satisfied their hunger, rest after the exertion of the morning.

Morning is the time for work; and after the refreshment of sleep labor is a luxury, as it cannot be under the burning sun of noon or after the fatigues of the day. It is also the time for thought and study, before the mind becomes distracted and wearied with the cares and excitement of day. Morning is hopeful, evening is desponding. In the morning we are ready for exertion and opposition; in the evening we would enjoy the reward of labor.

Youth may be called the morning of life, when the faculties are as yet supple, and the mind not prejudiced and sophisticated, or seared by sin. How perfectly does it correspond to the morning of nature, fresh and pure! How precious a period, then, is the morning of life, when the mind may be moulded for future greatness or disgrace, and the

faculties, both mental and physical, taught to perform their proper functions.

The actions of a youth almost always influence his future position in life, and mistakes easily corrected in youth, become irreparable in manhood. How true, then, the old though rather homely maxim, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

## EXTRACTS.

HEBER was accustomed to make extracts of whatever particularly interested him in his general reading. Whatever pleased his fancy or commended itself to his judgment, he liked to secure in his "private book." We find here quotations from the poets, proverbs, facts, anecdotes; but the following neatly copied extract of what may be supposed to be from a sermon, although no authority is given for it, is so in harmony with his often expressed opinion of what a clergyman should be, that it seems as if he had painted his own picture, or rather what he would have realized had length of days been given to him.

Truly was it said of him, by one who knew him well, that "his mind had already grasped those subjects which rarely task the

thoughts of youth. From his ancestors he seemed to have inherited a taste for the contemplation of theological subjects, and to have devoted himself in thought to that holy work, which descended to him as a birth-right. Not only did he look forward to the time when he should preach the Gospel, but its value in his mind so far transcended all other interests, that he had secretly determined to become its messenger, and bear its tidings of love and peace to those lands where its rays have never penetrated."

Death has not destroyed these noble aims; he still ministers in a nobler temple, and joins in a more holy worship than is possible for the eye, or ear, or heart of man to conceive while veiled in flesh.

"What have ministers of Christ to do with pride and self-seeking? What have they to do with scheming and contriving for their own advancement? What have they to do with good or evil fortune in the things of this world? What have they to do with aping the silly fashions and vanities



of the day? What have they to do with the gross manners, the irritable tempers, the sensual habits, the vulgar, ignoble thoughts, the wretched bickerings and jealousies, the unkind judgments and harsh speeches, of the men of this world? What have the ministers of Christ to do with studying how they may please themselves, how they may win those places which will be most in the eyes of the world, most abounding in comfort and luxury? If every follower of Christ is commanded, on pain of rejection or retribution, to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and that, too, with the promise that all other things needful shall be added unto him, with what fitness or decency can a minister of Christ hold back from the work given him to do, (which he has been set apart and empowered and bound by a vow to do,) until he may find where he may do it with the most comfort and on the best terms? What sort of spectacle is presented to the eye of God and His holy angels when, on one side, churches are seen closed, stations left vacant, sheep wandering without a shepherd, and, on the other, ten, twenty, thirty ministers of Christ, looking for fields of labor, standing all day idle, asking not where the most and hardest work is to be done, but where a certain style of liv-

ing can be maintained, and a certain scale of expense provided for. What idea shall we form of that candidate for the sacred ministry? What hope for his future career? When we see him bestowing his thoughts and his affections on domestic happiness? Pledging himself to the duties and responsibilities of a family before he has been fully trained for holy warfare; before he has earned a single comfort by noble self-sacrifice; before he has gained a single assurance that he can command bread or shelter for a second life? What respect can we entertain for the youthful candidate, when we see him reversing the rule and order of our Lord,\* and seeking *first* how he may please her whom he has chosen beforehand to be his wife, and how to provide for her and himself, the comforts and elegances which sensual habits and the opinion of the world have rendered necessary? When we see him afterwards, holding back from the ministry of the Word, holding back not from vows, but from keeping them, holding back from instant service, from breaches unfilled, because there is in a worldly point of view little honor and little profit in the post. . . . . Can we say of such that they are conformed to the pattern of their master, Christ? Is it true of them that they are not

of this world even as Christ is not of this world? They may boast of apostolic succession, but they are not of the true apostolic stamp. Are they moulded after the fashion of those first preachers of righteousness, who took the measure and conception of the Christian ministry fresh from the life of its Divine Founder? ”

The following was copied from one of John Foster's works, on Sunday, January 27, '56, with great attention to the penmanship. “Strong meat,” apparently, for such a child, but both childhood and maturity seemed to belong to him. His aunt writes, that when he was visiting her in the spring of '55, that when he was asleep, his fair round face so recalled the days of his infancy, that she could hardly realize that it was the same child who appeared in the morning and talked so like a man.

“In a great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt : in religious character, it is eminently a felicity. The devout man exults to feel that in aid of the simple force of the

divine principles within him, there has grown up by time an occasional power which has almost taken the place of his will, and holds a firm, though quiet, domination through the general action of his mind. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God, which will never let him go. From this advanced state, he looks with confidence on futurity, and says, 'I carry the indelible mark upon me that I belong to God; by being devoted to him, I am free of the universe: I am ready to go to any world to which he shall see fit to transmit me, certain that everywhere, in heighth and depth, he will acknowledge me forever.'"

Under the head of "Food for the Soul," are selections from the Bible. "A few grapes plucked from the true vine." Such passages as a humble, hopeful pilgrim, on his heavenward way, would naturally appropriate and grow thereby, because "they are spirit and they are life."













